

INTERESTING HAPPENINGS

Lessons of National Egg-Laying Contest Held in the Ozark Hills.

Mountain Grove.—Doubling the egg yield of the Missouri hen is the result sought by the Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station in the egg laying contest just completed at the state farm here, and a second contest which has been started.

The director of the station, under whose supervision the contests are being held, considers this result entirely feasible. He expects the lessons learned in the contest which closed the last day of October to have a great influence on total production in Missouri. The second contest, which was started November 15, will have far greater effort, as interest in the first test, which extended twelve months, spread all over the United States and Canada.

The average hen in the United States lays eighty eggs a year. The best producer of the 655 hens in the Missouri contest laid 281 eggs during the year just rounded out. This hen, a white Plymouth Rock owned by J. A. Bickelmeier of Millersville, Ill., came within one egg of the highest record ever made in North America. That is, in the number of eggs. In reality, she surpassed the record holder, condition and size of the product being considered.

The holder of the egg record in Canada and the United States is a Barred Rock hen under the care of Professor Graham, at Guelph, Canada, with 282 eggs to her credit. This hen laid a very small egg, with a very poor shell. Lady Showyou, the Illinois hen which captured such signal honors in the Missouri contest, laid 281 eggs of full size, weighing on an average a little more than two ounces each, with a good, strong shell on each egg. Thus her performance really is much more remarkable than that of her Canadian cousin, or whatever relation a Barred Rock may be to a White Rock.

There were 655 hens in the Missouri contest, and they laid during the twelve months of the contest 87,843 eggs, an average of slightly more than 134 eggs per hen. This is not regarded as an especially high average for a hen in a laying contest, although Director T. E. Quisenberry, in charge of the Mountain Grove station, says he does not regard it as a bad average, considering the promiscuous lot of birds entered. He states that the birds in more than a dozen pens lacked two or three months of being mature at the time the contest was started; that more than half of the pens were made up of hens and that several of them contained hens 3 and 4 years old.

Commenting on the results Mr. Quisenberry says: "When we consider the fact that most of these birds had been carelessly and promiscuously bred, with no special idea to increase egg production, and came from all classes of breeders, we do not feel the average obtained was bad. The result of the first contest has not been especially startling, and neither have we proven nor attempted to prove that any one variety possesses all the good qualities."

However, there were many facts outstanding as a result of the contest in reference to the treatment and care of the birds and the selection of strain rather than breed in determining on the birds to save for egg layers and those to decorate the pen when the preacher calls.

Probably the most important suggestion given is that much more depends on the strain or breeding of a variety than on the variety itself. In establishing a flock of hens for either commercial egg layers or for the purpose of supplying the household, the matter of color, size and shape should suit individual taste. When this question of variety is determined then comes the matter of obtaining a flock of high producers. This is done by selection of best types and elimination of the poorer ones. The wise poultryman, even of the back yard variety, will follow home method of accurately knowing just what each hen of the flock is doing toward holding up the flock average of production. This knowledge being obtained, the work of bettering the flock may begin.

The hens showing the highest production should be the ones always to supply the eggs for incubation and they should be mated to the proper males, as it is conceded that the rooster has greater effect on the character of the young chick than has the hen. Thus, by proper selection and breeding a flock of hens may be built

Stranger Caught Rifling Mail Sack.
Sikeston.—A stranger took a mail sack from the depot at the Iron Mountain station, and was rifling it when discovered by Stationmaster J. E. Dover. The man was overpowered and taken to jail.

Springfield Suffragettes to Parade.
Springfield.—Springfield members of the Federated W. C. T. U., the American Woman's Republic club and the Suffrage club have arranged for a big demonstration and parade of downtown business streets.

"Bait" Was Good.
"How did you come to buy that worthless mining stock?" "Well, you see, I thought it was all right. The man who sold it to me had mahogany furniture in his office, tall brass candlesticks and a swell rug on his floor."—Detroit Free Press.

The Sinner and His Sin.
One of the hardest lessons for us to learn is how to distinguish between a sinner and his sin, how to love the one and hate the other.—Christian Endeavor World.

IN THE STATE

BOAT LINE FINDS TRADE.

New Enterprise on Missouri River Serves 300 Cities and Towns.

Fulton.—The Missouri river boat line is now serving more than 300 cities, towns and rural communities along the 498 miles of river between Kansas City and St. Louis.

None of the river boats stop at all of these points on a single trip, but as the two tows and their barges and the packet Chester ply up and down the river they stop at Nigger Bend, Light, Chicken Point, Hellbush Bend, Green's Bottom or some other points to unload merchandise, or take on cattle or grain as business requires.

The boats are now carrying potatoes and onions to Kansas City from some of those farming communities. Recently one of the steamers on a down-river trip stopped at Heckmann's Island and took aboard forty-nine cattle for the St. Louis market. The names of many points along the river between Kansas City and St. Louis are relics of the days of French traders, and of the American pioneers that followed them into the West. There is Crazy Bend, a distinctively American title; Corn Island, Slaughter House Chute and a hundred others, while the French is preserved in L'Outre Island, Bouet Creek, Tuque Creek, Carbonnier Bend and similar names.

SWAMP LAND LAWS URGED.

Special Agent Nolan Asks Creation of Special Department.

Jefferson City.—The forthcoming report of John H. Nolan, special agent for Missouri, in swamp land reclamation and levee building, which is to be issued about the middle of December, will contain some valuable suggestions and information for the incoming general assembly.

As the waterways commission is to pass out of existence, and some legislation is needed to continue the work Special Agent Nolan has commenced, advocates of swamp land drainage are asking that a law be enacted to create a department to look after this line of work.

It is argued that about 4,000,000 of the best agricultural land of the state can easily be reclaimed, and many millions of dollars added to the wealth of Missouri by finishing the work Special Agent Nolan has commenced.

URGE LLOYD FOR CABINET.

Missourian Suggested for Postmaster General Under Wilson.

Washington, D. C.—Friends of Representative James T. Lloyd of Missouri are suggesting him for the position of postmaster general in the Wilson cabinet. For years Mr. Lloyd has been one of the active members of the committee on postoffices and post roads, and knows the machinery of the postal service thoroughly. His friends believe he is well equipped for the place. Incidentally his wide political acquaintance doubtless would be useful from a party standpoint. In addition to serving as chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee, Mr. Lloyd is chairman of the committee on accounts, and the new patronage committee of the house.

MEN LAYS 281 EGGS IN YEAR.

Record for Five Birds Goes to Pen of Rhode Island Reds.

Springfield.—The first Missouri national egg-laying contest has closed at the state poultry experiment station at Mountain Grove, the winners being announced. There were 655 hens in the contest, and in twelve months they laid 87,843 eggs, or 134 eggs per hen. The pen of rose combed Rhode Island Reds owned by Dr. F. Hall of California, Mo., won first prize. The five hens laid 1,042 eggs. The best individual record was made by a white Plymouth Rock owned by J. A. Bickelmeier of Millersville, Ill., which laid 281 eggs in the year.

A second contest will start November 15. Seven hundred hens, representing England, Canada and twenty states, have been entered.

Hurdland Bank Incorporated.

Jefferson City.—A certificate of incorporation was granted by Bank Commissioner John E. Swanger to the Farmers bank of Hurdland, Knox county. The stock consists of 120 shares, with a value of \$100 each.

Farmer Killed in Thrasher.

Poplar Bluff.—Willis Worley, brother of C. O. Worley, Democratic candidate for county assessor in the recent election, was killed on the farm of William Stout by being drawn into a thrasher.

Mrs. Arthur Dudley Dies.

Fulton.—Mrs. Arthur Dudley, 25 years old, member of a well known Callaway county family, died at her home north of Fulton. She was a sister-in-law of Dr. C. P. Tinscher of Fulton.

Few.

Few men would worry today over the mistakes of yesterday if it were not necessary to keep on paying for them.

Cheap Dish.

Hunter's stew can be composed of any ingredients which can be obtained conveniently.—London Globe.

Preserving Carpenters' Tools.

To keep tools from rusting, place a sponge moistened with coal oil in the nest.

POLLY'S MESSAGE

Parrot Acts as Go-Between and Unites Two Loving Souls.

By HAROLD CARTER.

"Frank," said Uncle Will, suppressing a groan of pain as he shifted his gouty leg upon the sofa and sat up to greet his nephew, "come here, you scoundrel. How old are you?"

"Twenty-four, sir," answered his nephew respectfully.

"Twenty-four! And I was engaged three times before I was twenty-four. Confound you, sir, why the deuce won't you ask Dorothy to marry you?"

"Because I don't love her, my dear uncle," answered the young man.

"Love! Love! What has that got to do with it?" exclaimed the old man irascibly. "How can you help loving every girl at your age? Confound you, Frank, sometimes I think you are as cold-blooded as an eel."

Ephraim, hearing his name spoken, stirred in his cage, and, raising one claw, held it in suspense, cocked his head, and looked at his master, his beak half open, his beady eyes sparkling.

"But Dorothy doesn't like me at all," said Frank Lesling. "Be a little reasonable, uncle. I know I am indebted to you for my support and education and my start in life, and all that, but how in thunder can you expect me to marry a girl I don't care anything about, and who, moreover, hates the very ground I walk on?"

"I'm not going to argue with you, sir," shouted the old man. "But I'm not going to see the Eastlake property divided. It cost me thirty years of work to get that piece of land together, and if you don't get married I'll leave it to the Home for Deafened Parrots that I'm contemplating establishing. So you'd better get your stupid heads together, for this attack of gout is likely to be my last and I'm going to make my will tomorrow unless I'm better."

"Ha! ha!" croaked the parrot. "Serves him right! Serves him right! Confound your impudence!"

"Frank, put a cover over that bird, that's a good fellow," said his uncle pettishly. And Ephraim, thus suppressed, subsided into silence.

Frank Lesling was the orphaned child of a cousin of William Jennings, and the kind-hearted old merchant had made himself responsible for his upbringing. That he should marry his daughter Dorothy had been his earnest wish, and of late he had begun to express it forcibly. But between the



"Tell Frank What?"

young people a feeling of constraint had arisen which was rapidly broadening into active dislike. Perhaps Dorothy objected to being made the subject of such confidential negotiations. At any rate, when Frank, who felt that he might possibly learn to love his pretty cousin, proposed to her under the promptings of his uncle, she returned a very decided "no."

"How dare you think that a woman would marry you when you asked her to just because you were told to?" she demanded, standing before him with angry eyes and flaming cheeks. "You might as well be Ephraim. He too says what his master tells him to say."

From that day they avoided each other and Uncle Will, whose gout had again subsided, began reluctantly to abandon his cherished ambition. From that time forward he spent more and more of his leisure alone with the birds, on which he seemed to pour forth all his affection.

Perhaps it was due to the contrary of human nature, but the fact remains that no sooner had Dorothy given and Frank received the answer to his proposal, than their interest in each other assumed a new and unexpected importance. Frank Lesling, during the course of a business trip out of town, felt the loss of his cousin profoundly. In spite of their constant bickering he found himself thinking of her during all his spare moments and very often in hours which he should have devoted to his uncle's interests. It was with happy anticipations, therefore, that he rang the doorbell of his uncle's house on his return, after an absence of a couple of weeks.

"Hello, Frank, come in!" cried his uncle, shaking him by the hand. "Confound you, sir, I've missed you more than I should like you to know."

"How's Dorothy, uncle?" asked his nephew.

The old man looked at him with pathetic eagerness.

"She's well," he grumbled. "But, Frank, he led him into the little room which had been fitted up as his cousin's boudoir—"you'd better try your fortune again. Now listen to me and don't be a fool. Do you see Ephraim in that corner?"

At the sound of his name the parrot gave an uneasy squawk beneath the cloth which covered his house.

"Why, yes, uncle."

"Well, he loves her now."

"What? Dorothy's been making friends with Ephraim?" asked the young man incredulously. "Why, uncle, she never exactly seemed to care for him, did she?" He alluded diplomatically to his cousin's aversion for the bird, which had often distressed the old gentleman.

"She loves him now," answered his uncle solemnly. "Yes, she can't bear to have him out of the room nowadays. And do you know what that means, Frank? It means that she's in the old maid's hurdle handicap, unless—Oh, pshaw, Frank, try it again!"

When he was left alone Frank lifted the cover from the cage and regarded the parrot intently. It stood watching him, its head on one side, its claw poised, its beak half open. And then from its throat proceeded a most remarkable sentence, and one which Frank Lesling had never heard it say before.

"O Polly," it croaked, "can't you tell Frank?"

"Yes. Go on," said the young man encouragingly. But the parrot only blinked and repeated the words over and over again.

"Go on, confound you," shouted the young man. "Tell Frank what?"

"O Polly, can't you tell Frank—O, Polly, can't you tell Frank—O Polly, can't you tell Frank," the parrot croaked.

Frank Lesling turned away in disgust and flung the cover over the cage. "O Polly, can't you tell Frank that I do really love him?" the parrot squawked in shrill protest.

Frank Lesling turned as a light footfall sounded in the hall. He strode toward the door. Dorothy came in, stopped, looked at him, and suddenly found herself in his arms.

"Dorothy, can you—can't you?" Frank began, then stopped, for there was no need to say anything more. In fact five whole minutes had passed before a heavy, gouty footstep near them suddenly recalled them to the consciousness of externals.

They sprang apart, looking at the old gentleman guiltily, and then Dorothy perceived Ephraim's cage.

"Why, uncle, whatever made you put Ephraim in my room?" she asked.

"Only a whim, my dear," responded the old gentleman. "I thought perhaps he might give Frank a message from me. There, never mind! I'll take him back again. But I wish you'd learn to like Ephraim a little better, Dorothy."

"Why, I just love Ephraim—now," she answered roughly.

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RELATED BY BIBLE SELLERS

Queer Things, It Appears, Are Traded for the Books in Many Foreign Lands.

The dangers and humors of the life of the Bible collectors—the men and women agents of the British and Foreign Bible society who sell the Scriptures in the scattered villages of nearly every country in the world—are modestly recorded in the report issued a few days ago, the London Mail states.

In South India last year a collector caught sight of a tiger crossing his path. In Burma a collector came face to face with a leopard. In a Peru town a Bible seller was cruelly beaten by fanatical opponents. In the insurrection in Persia a collector was arrested and charged with being either a spy or an assassin.

On the other hand, the collectors have experiences which relieve the hardships of their tasks. An old woman in France bought a copy because her fancy was struck with the name Nathanael which occurred in a chapter read to her by the seller. She thought the name very pleasing, and decided to propose it for a grandson who was not yet baptized.

Curious bargains are often struck by these Bible sellers. Eggs are a frequent currency. In a Roumanian village a collector bartered a Bible for a hen. It was a very excellent hen, so he added a New Testament. For four yards of home-made linen he disposed of another Bible. Ten eggs and a lump of bacon" was the price of one Bible in a Hungarian village. In northern Hungary a farmer gave a live pig for a large Bible. A rabbit was an exchange in one Spanish village, and a quantity of preserved peppers and tomatoes in another.

An Arab woman in Fez insisted on giving her silver ring for a Bible, and at a neighboring village a Gospel was exchanged for a pail of water for the collector's horse. In Korea payment was taken in potatoes. These the collector traded for rice in a market ten miles away. The rice provided him with food for several days.

In another village a man, too poor to pay in coin, bartered a vine, the inner bark of which is used locally in making ropes. In some parts of southern Brazil eggs, fowls, fruit, coffee, cabbage, bread and brick sugar are exchanged for Bibles.

Joke That's Too Obscure for Him.

"I'm getting old, and my head isn't working just right," confessed the Old Coder. "Here, in the paper, is a joke copied from Life—a dainty, glissolent bit of humor warranted not to tell the most delicate fabric—and to save my soul I can't see the point. It is supposed to be a conversation between two week-end guests. One says: 'Would you ask our hostess to lend me a meter?' And the other replies: 'Good heavens, no!—just like that—'Good heavens, no!—I'd as soon ask her for a piece of string!'" Now, I know that is funny; it must be, but it's from Life. But, although I have read it forwards and backwards, close to and at arm's length, burbling it I can see what the nub is. Beyond doubt, I am getting old and senile, and should now be taken out in the woods and shot."—Kansas City Star.

No Harm Done.

Chapple—I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once?

Miss Pinkie—Why, bless me! There is no harm done; you can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.

Different.

"Do you vote the same as your husband?"

"I should say not! He votes the same as me."

BOYS' HANDICRAFT

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys" and "The Boy Craftsman"

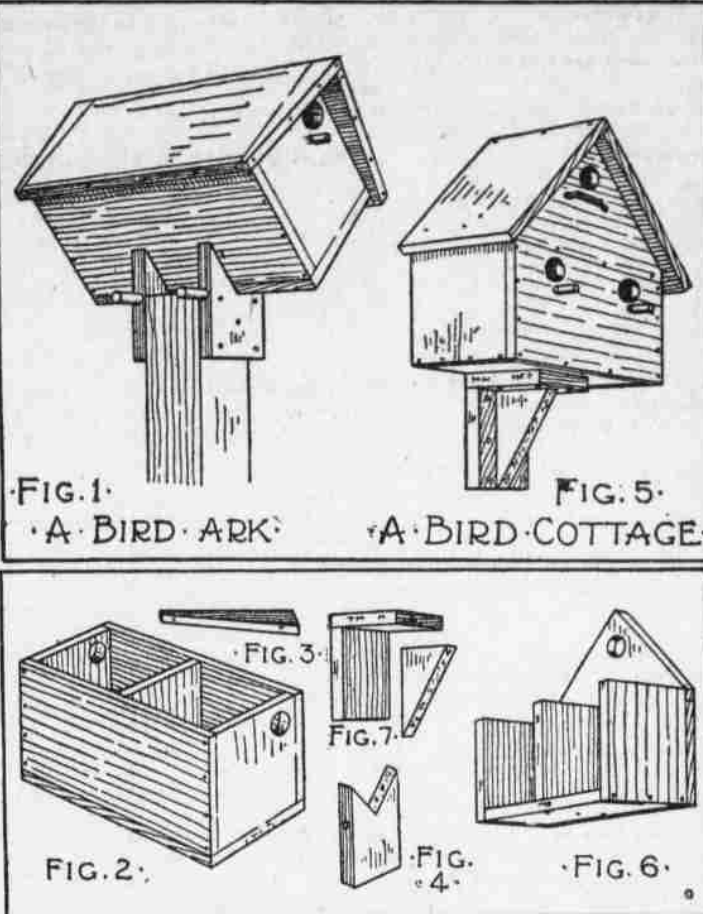


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FIG. 2. A BIRD COTTAGE.

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